NATIONAL REVIEW

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March 30, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Eclipse of Mendès-France

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

False Prophets of Doom

C. P. IVES

The Spanish Crisis

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . ROBERT PHELPS

L. BRENT BOZELL · MEDFORD EVANS · FRANK CHODOROV

RUSSELL KIRK · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM · REVILO OLIVER

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For the Record

The current congressional investigation into the derelictions of James Hoffa and other officials of the powerful Teamsters Union is being pushed behind the scenes by Walter Reuther, say those familiar with the labor scene. Reuther would like to see the Teamsters Union weakened because 1) it is an active challenge to his authority in the united labor movement and 2) the Teamsters was one of the few unions which supported the Republican Party.

Two hundred Republican representatives, up for re-election next year, told the Wall Street Journal that they consider two steps vital to their chances: cuts in federal spending and cuts in federal taxes.... One victim of the new economy drive, Capitol Hill sources say, will be the President's school-construction bill.

A few preliminary victories in the cut-the-budget drive last week were: a request by the Housing and Home Finance Agency for $200 million less in obligational authority than originally asked; and the decision of the House Appropriations Committee to slash $517 million from the budgets of the Executive Agencies. Committee Chairman Cannon predicts Congress will reduce the budget by more than $4 billion.... The Veterans Administration has come out against the extension of costly educational benefits of the Korean GI Bill to peacetime veterans.

Democratic Senators are preparing a bitter attack on Dulles if and when fighting breaks out again in the Middle East, with many of the normally pro-Administration Senators preparing to go along. Senator Morse said on the Senate floor the other day that "there is growing evidence of gross malfeasance in the office by the Secretary of State."... The Council for Economic and Industry Research, which was asked to report to the Senate on foreign aid, is opposed to any grants to satellite nations because the net result of such aid would be to strengthen the red bloc.

The American Friends of the Captive Nations formally have urged President Eisenhower to propose sanctions in the United Nations against the Soviet Union for its intervention in Hungary.... A UN economic survey says that most Asian nations are headed for a period of tremendous inflation due "largely to deficit financing of development plans."

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Towards a larger understanding of the Mideast crisis: "The newspapers are carrying stories of Egypt's decision to restore its rule of the Gaza strip. Once more it is apparent that when we deal with people who believe that assurances will be kept, we are successful in getting them to do what we wish. But when we deal with people whose moral values are different, we do not seem to have the strength to impose on them acceptance of the assurances that we have given. Israel seems therefore somewhat apprehensive." Eleanor Roosevelt, March 18, 1957, world copyright protected.

● Dave Beck has called upon the 1,500,000 members of the Teamsters Union to give "moral and financial support" to its beleaguered leaders. In case the rank and file can't spare both, the latter will presumably do.

● Jimmie Hoffa, labor union tough man par excellence, whose comment when the news was released last spring that Victor Riesel would be permanently blind was "Too bad they didn't get his hands, too," and who last week tried to suborn a member of a Senate Committee, delivered a lecture at Harvard last year. Maybe they can get him next year for the William James lectures?

● The Gomulka government in Poland continues to walk a special tightrope, shoved from one side by the popular desire for more freedom and independence, from the other by the hardened Stalinists demanding a return to orthodox Communist monolithism. A violent controversy has broken out between Witold Jarosinki, Warsaw Party Secretary and a leader of the liberalizing "revisionist" wing and the Stalinist leader, Jerzy Morawski. On another front, a fight is in progress over religious education, which was reintroduced last year. The Stalinists complain that good Communist children who refuse to attend religious classes are "terrorized," and treated "as Jews and anarchists." They demand more respect for old-fashioned atheism. Gomulka, apparently to appease the Stalinists, has recently described the Hungarian revolt as a "crazy attempt by counter-revolutionary forces to overthrow the Socialist structure."

● Just before his death in a plane crash President Ramon Magsaysay of the Philippines said to Walker Stone of the Scripps-Howard newspapers: "They're going to try to bump me off in this campaign. They know they can't win if I live." Whether this adds to the probability that the Magsaysay plane was sabotaged is questionable; but it would be instructive nonetheless to know who "they" are. Magsaysay had many enemies—disappointed job-seekers, incompetent and venal State officials whom he had fired, people who objected to his friendliness toward America, and, finally, the local brand of Communists known as the Huks. Even if "they" had nothing to do with Magsaysay's death, a coalition of Magsaysay's enemies, if it could be effected politically, might overturn the applecart in the islands. We can only hope that the "they" who were in Magsaysay's mind won't prove to be a combinable majority in the next election.

● And now it is revealed (see a recently published State Department record for the year 1939 in foreign relations) that President Roosevelt tried to woo Mussolini into an anti-Hitler entente six months before World War II broke out. The bait: a promise of U.S. support in finding a "reasonable solution" to Italian problems. This bit of information is not particularly surprising: after all, from the very day on which he made a deal with William Randolph Hearst to gain the 1932 Democratic Presidential nomination, Roosevelt made a habit of walking with many whom he privately regarded as devils in order to achieve his ends. What is surprising is that idolators of Roosevelt should object so strenuously to using Franco against the Soviet Union. Are we to believe that Franco (who at least remained neutral in the war against Hitler) is a cut below Mussolini in the inverse hierarchy of Satanism? Or is it just that one is permitted to use devils against Nazism but not against Communism?

● The press, in its celebration of the birth of that latest independent nation, the African country of Ghana, did not see fit to mention that Ghana's Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah, had sent a personal invitation to W. E. B. DuBois, ancient Negro stalwart of the American Communist Party, asking him to attend the ceremonies. This the State Department, *mirabile—et felice—dictu,* declined to permit. After the birth ceremony, and Vice President Nixon's departure, Mr. Nkrumah wired Comrade DuBois as follows: "On this historic occasion to which you have contributed so much our thoughts go out to you and wife. Deeply regret your absence despite my personal intervention. Your absence is country's loss. Affectionately. Kwame Nkrumah."

● Choice little items from the federal budget come down to us, and here in NATIONAL REVIEW the editors

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often check out each other's power of *Gestalt* by asking around, How much of the proposed budget would you guess is allocated to X? Last week we passed this one around: How much money would you guess the federal government proposes to spend on *commercial* (*i.e.*, non-government-owned) carriers, for transporting *persons* (*i.e.*, not things) from one place to another? We pride ourselves, around here, on a certain worldliness. But boy were we off on this one! Answer: Nine hundred and eight million, five hundred eighty-nine thousand, seventy-two dollars. The seventy-two dollars is to pay the men who lug the budget up Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol.

● Mr. John Waddell, a student at Yale University, calls our attention to a social note in the Bridgeport *Telegram* identifying the bride at a local wedding as "associate public health specialist with the Department of Trusteeship and Information from Non-Self-Governing Territories of the United Nations." Mr. Waddell, who is obviously incompletely educated, asks us to ascertain "what the bride *does* and *to whom* she does it." Why, she does *it*, to *them*—*that's* what to whom, Mr. Waddell. Now go on back to your studies, and maybe you won't have to rely on *other* people to answer all your questions.

Can Peace Be Saved?

It is now obvious that the Administration made covert commitments to Israel, but it is not possible to say with authority what they are; and hence it is not possible to speak about the continuing crisis with all the relevant factors in mind.

We infer this: that to get Israel to withdraw, the Administration promised her something more than moral support in the event Egypt were to blockade the waterways, the moral support of the United States being something in which the nations of the world are not, nowadays, taking much stock. But what did we promise? Economic aid? Arms? Troops?

The time has come for the free nations of the world to move for a substantial solution. Pressure must be brought to force Egypt to allow Israel transit through the Suez Canal, and to force Israel to make generous provision for the dispossessed Arab refugees. An internal agreement should be arrived at committing the West to punish whichever nation breaks the peace. These political objectives should be secured by the use or the threat of use of economic force.

The juridical question of what are Israel's proper boundaries should be submitted to the World Court.

It is fantastic to permit two small nations to jeopardize any longer the economy of Europe and the peace of the world. And this is exactly what the U.S. Government does by leaving to an impotent UN a job of peacemaking that only world powers acting in concert can hope to do.

The Forest

With everyone else who detests braggadocio and bullying, we rejoice at the prospect that the law and the public morality may finally have apprehended the overlords of the Teamsters Union. Let them answer for their sins, whatever they are—whether it's highhandedness with union funds, an alliance with gangsters, racketeers, pimps, and politicians, or whatever.

What we must consider, and guard ourselves against, is the notion that the great evil in the present labor union situation is the personal corruption of some of its leaders. The moment this generalization becomes accepted, Congress will be induced to feel that the passage of laws governing union welfare funds, union expense accounts, and the like, will dispose of the social problems presented by the phenomenon of the leviathan union.

The danger today lies *not* in the iniquity of Dave Beck or his lieutenants, but in the raw *power* of the Teamsters Union, and of other unions. Walter Reuther is personally incorruptible: but he is a greater threat than Beck, even. Hitler was personally

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incorruptible, but the world was not appreciably the better for that. It is common to conclude that with the removal of the Truman Administration, Washington is less a danger to our freedom: as if the decline in the traffic in mink coats and deep freezers dissipates the problem of omnipotent government, which remains with us under Eisenhower.

There is a danger that the Senate's investigation, by focusing on the peccadillos of Beck and Hoffa, will distract attention from the political and social menace of the national labor unions. If so, the investigation will have been a net reversal for the serious cause of marshalling interest in a program for protecting the people and the economy from exploitation by the enormous labor bureaucracy.

Good and Sorry

In the last round of the current debate between the editors of *Life* and Ambassador Lodge, Mr. Lodge presents a brilliant lawyer's brief in defense of the Administration's conduct in the Hungarian crisis; but *Life's* statement that "the whole record is a sorry one for the U.S. and the UN alike" stands untouched by Lodge's arguments:

—*Life* deplores the fact that the UN was not "able to act swiftly"; Lodge says it *did* act swiftly, by summoning a meeting of the Security Council—which is to say that when *Life* says "act" it means "act," while when Lodge says "act" he means "call a meeting."

—*Life* says Lodge could have asked, immediately, for a General Assembly emergency session; Lodge, pointing to the rule-book, replies that such a session would have been illegal.

—*Life* reproves the Assembly for not having at once created an observation commission—e.g., a commission made up of UN-member ambassadors in Vienna; Lodge, again pointing to the rule-book, answers that observers cannot enter a country without its consent.

—*Life* suggests that Miss Anna Kethley could have been seated as "Hungary's accredited UN spokesman"; Lodge responds that Miss Kethley had no credentials.

—*Life* would have liked a UN Assembly *habeas corpus* summons to Russia demanding that it produce the kidnapped Nagy; Lodge reminds it that the UN Assembly "has no power to summon anybody."

—*Life* would have had the ambassadors serving in Budapest act as UN observers; Lodge, taking his stand on diplomatic usage, points out that for such a thing they could have been expelled from Hungary.

Mr. Lodge, in a word, has all the answers. We wonder, only, why he forbore the central observation, which surely is that the Hungarian people had no legal right to rise up against their governors.

Phony Vox Populi

Last week the *New York Times* published on its first page the "fact" that the American people overwhelmingly endorse foreign aid. That, in any case, is what the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago says—having been retained by the Administration! The NORC set up not one, not two or three or four, but five "projects"—on the theory, no doubt, that with projects, as with attacking bombers, at least one out of five will get through to the target. Then the "projects" dreamed up their "queries," the essence of which is that any resemblance they bear to any actual political issue before the nation is not merely coincidental, but the result of an oversight for which somebody ought to be fired.

Do you think "the aid we are sending to various foreign nations helps the U.S.?"—and 64 per cent of the "respondents," surprised at Heaven knows what moment of preoccupation, amiably answer, Yes. "Do you favor economic aid for neutralist nations like India?"—and 52 per cent nod their heads. "Do you support economic aid to countries which have agreed to stand with us against Communist aggression?"—and a whopping 90 per cent reply in the affirmative. Projects four and five do well, too: 85 per cent approve technical assistance to underdeveloped nations, and 71 per cent think economic aid to friendly countries "more important" than military aid. Thus the *New York Times* concedes that the "surveys run counter to the conclusions . . . that are being drawn by many Senators and Representatives" from their office mail.

Let no one be deceived: Congressmen's correspondents are giving a vivid answer to a real question, namely: How willing are you to be *taxed* for the foreign aid you would undoubtedly favor if—as in the cloud-cuckoo land of the surveys—it came free? Their answer: Not very.

Percy Wyndham Lewis

People have called Wyndham Lewis the most uncivil man of the twentieth century. Yet he was invariably courteous and generous. He spent his life trying to escape from the prison house of self; and if the arrogant ego looms so large in his books, it is only because he knew it for his enemy.

Once Lewis told Roy Campbell that he never had loved anyone in all his life. Roy Campbell has loved

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nearly everyone, including the numerous chaps he has shot in his turbulent career; but he understood. If Lewis did not know how to love, at least he knew how to hate; and his candor made him perhaps the most hated literary man of his century.

All the charlatans hated Wyndham Lewis. They hated him because he was an original, and because he would not tolerate shams. From the first to the last, he struck out for himself, in painting, in criticism, and in the novel; he created his own styles; and he mocked the people who aped him. The last real Bohemian, he detested the pseudo-Bohemians of the beards and the toreador pants who made unconventionality conventional. He loathed the Communist because he was a sham radical, the abstract painter because he was a sham innovator, and the modern leader of society because he was a sham gentleman. Wyndham Lewis himself was genuine all through.

Lewis put no hope in God or man. He saw all society sinking into an abyss; and because he dared to say so, Bloomsbury pygmies called him a Fascist. In point of fact, his politics were those of nineteenth-century liberalism; he distrusted all power, and detested all restraints upon individuality. But where the Liberals substituted progress for providence, Lewis would let no Utopian sham fill the void: one of the few men with the courage of his convictions, he laughed, Democritus-like, amid the crash of worlds.

Albert Jay Nock wrote once that immortality seems to depend upon the following of a discipline in this life. Lewis' discipline was not religious, but it was of a severity that put most pious folk to shame. Those there are who hold that uncommon suffering in this world is a mark of God's favor, since a law of compensation shall reward the sufferer beyond time and space. If this is true, then Wyndham Lewis was among the elect; and if burning personality is a token of an essence that shall not perish, Wyndham Lewis will be found, considerably to his chagrin, in the Seventh Heaven.

He could not love transient things because he would not abide sham loves. But the restless ego seeking what the world cannot provide may have its satisfaction beyond the grave.

The captivating thing about Burton Rascoe, who died last week of heart failure at the age of 64, was his lifelong refusal to count consequences or to be cowed by reputations. He fought the professors of the "genteel tradition"; he fought Communists; he fought anti-anti-Communists; and not long before the end he defied the wrath of the Establishment by citing chapter and verse to prove that Senator Joe McCarthy had gentlemanly qualities. Rascoe held many jobs in his time: he edited the book sections of the *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Herald Tribune;* he served as dramatic critic of the *New York World-Telegram;* he worked for book publishers; he was a first-rate talent scout; he was a good enough classical scholar to correct the dates ascribed to manuscripts in the Morgan Library; he produced a prodigious amount of first-rate journalism; and he wrote influential books of criticism, autobiography and history. He was one of those people who seem always fated to trouble because of the very brilliance of their performance. Rascoe would attract readers, build sales, make reputations and have everybody talking about him until the day —and it usually came—when some influential stuffed shirt, angered because his toes had been stepped on, would demand the Rascoe scalp and get it. Yet nothing seemed to break Rascoe's spirit or suppress his verve. He lives in the Hall of Fame of his native Oklahoma, in the annals of American criticism, and in the hearts of many friends; and we are among them.

Father James Gillis, who died last week, exercised a profound influence that extended beyond Catholic circles in this country. He spoke out from many platforms. He had been editor of the influential Paulist monthly, *The Catholic World.* He had been a regular speaker on the radio program, The Catholic Hour. He wrote twelve books. His column, "Sursum Corda," was widely syndicated. He spoke, and lectured, throughout the land. Father Gillis had many ambitions. He sought to spread the Word—to draw attention, in a secular society, to the great truths of Christianity. He willingly sought out, and engaged in hand to hand combat, the great, showy, modish cynics who made light of religion and American ideals. His eloquence and wisdom and faith armed him for such contests, and he seldom gave ground. But perhaps his greatest ambition was to demonstrate the congruity between love of God and love of country; and to that end, he defended the institutions of this country, encouraging a deep intellectual and passionate attachment to the ideals of the men who gave the country birth. Father Gillis was a great conservative.

Our Contributors: C. P. IVES ("False Prophets of Doom") is an editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun,* specializing in economics and politics. . . . PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY ("The Eclipse of Mendès-France"), an associate editor of this magazine, was formerly on the staff of the United Press in Paris. Our readers will remember her "Freedom from Fluoridation" (May 9, 1956) and "Siberia, USA" (July 25, 1956).

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

And Still He's With Us

Last week this column took note of Senator Jenner's concern over the possibility that foreign service officers who had helped evolve a disastrous policy in China during the forties, and who now have their hands in the Middle East pie, might be up to their old tricks. Jenner's speculation had focused on a number of individuals, including John K. Emmerson, present U.S. Counsellor of Embassy at Beirut. Shortly after we went to press, Mr. Emmerson was called by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security to explain, among other things, his efforts to promote U.S. collaboration with the Japanese People's Emancipation League, a group of Japanese prisoners in China that had been organized by Chinese and Japanese Communists for wartime propaganda purposes, and for the ultimate purpose of spearheading a postwar Communist takeover in Japan.

The Subcommittee's evidence on this point consisted of a memorandum written by Emmerson in November 1944 from Yenan Province. (He had been sent to Yenan, Emmerson told the Subcommittee, to study the "psychological climate" among Japanese prisoners, since such knowledge "would be useful to us in devising the method of psychological warfare.") The advice Emmerson passed on to his superiors in Washington is worth reproducing in part:

> My short study of the activities of Susumu Okano and the Japanese People's Emancipation League in Communist China convinces me that we can utilize the experience and achievements of this group to advantage in the prosecution of the war against Japan.
>
> Without going into the details of method and materials, all of which are carefully investigated here, we can suggest the following proposals:
>
> 1. *Effect the organization of an international "Free Japan" movement.* The Japanese People's Emancipation League has an estimated membership of 450 Japanese prisoners of war in North and Central China. *Its declared principles are democratic. It is not identified with the Communist Party.* . . .
>
> Intelligence shows that the League is well known to the Japanese army and its influence is respected and feared.
>
> *Organization of chapters of this association, or a similar one, among Japanese prisoners, internees, and others, in United States, India, Australia and other countries, should be carried out. The result would be widespread dissemination of democratic ideas,* the creation of a powerful Japanese propaganda organ (it is indisputable that propaganda from a Japanese source and written by Japanese is more effective than that from enemy sources).
>
> 2. [A proposal to use the League in underground operations in Japan "to spread defeatism."]
>
> 3. [A proposal to set up a radio transmitter in Communist China.]
>
> 4. *Train units of Japanese for activities with American pacification operations and with military government officials during occupation . . . Recruitment of these persons can be made from the personnel of Japanese Emancipation League chapters in China, already trained,* and from prison camps under American, Australian or British jurisdiction. . . .

In defending that document in his testimony before the Subcommittee, Emmerson made these points:

That his proposals had no other purpose than to "contribute to our effort against Japan."

That Susumu Okano was "a well known Japanese Communist" at the time Emmerson ran into him as the leader of the Japanese People's Emancipation League.

That the League was "obviously a Communist organization, and that was completely known to me at the time."

That he had reported the League was not "identified with the Communist Party," because, as a matter of fact, it wasn't. The Communists had "deliberately" concealed the real nature of the organization so that its "effect would be greater among Japanese."

That the democratic ideas that he had advised would be forwarded by U.S. cooperation with the League were "certainly not basically" democratic; he had had in mind such ideas as " 'down with the militarists,' 'end the war' and so on."

That he had not been "aware of and did not express [in the memorandum] the risks which would be involved in collaboration, close collaboration, with the Communists either in the war period or afterwards."

Simply Bad Judgment?

On his own showing, then, Emmerson had not been "duped"—at least not in the ordinary sense: while he had, perhaps, underestimated the danger of working with Communists, he had endorsed the League and Mr. Okano with his eyes wide open to their Communist character—and had tried to enlist the U.S. government in support of their activities. The remaining questions are whether the eyes of the U.S. government, in the light of Emmerson's representations, were as wide open as his were; and whether Emmerson's specific proposals were of the sort that can now be written off, simply, to bad judgment.

As to the first question, *Emmerson* knew that the Japanese People's Emancipation League was a Communist creature. But if he had reason to believe that his superiors in Washington did *not* know it, the memorandum amounts, surely, to calculated deception: the factual data, the rhetoric, especially the omissions, add up to a characterization of the League, not as a hard-core Communist cadre, but as a more or less autonomous group of Japanese patriots determined to bring democracy to the homeland. (Emmerson told the Subcommittee that he had written "other reports which gave in detail the program and principles of this propaganda organization"; but he did not claim that the "other reports" had called attention to the League's Communist character.) The alternative hypothesis is that Emmerson had simply assumed his superiors were aware of the critical fact that the League was Communist, and had concluded that mention of it in his report would be superfluous

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—*i.e.*, that he had made the kind of assumption that field officers ordinarily get themselves fired for making. This hypothesis is further complicated by the bright prospects held forth in the report for a "widespread dissemination of democratic ideas" in the event the U.S. supported the League. What purpose could such language serve in correspondence between parties who both fully understood that the League's ideas were "not basically" democratic?

The truth may be that Emmerson suspected his memorandum would be read by two groups—those who knew (or could guess) what the League was, and who were, for the most part, sympathetic to ideas for helping the Communists; and those who did not know and who could be counted on to oppose Emmerson's project if they found out—and that he tailored his report to both audiences.

Active Aid to Communists

Conclude what you will about Emmerson's honesty, what of the content of his proposals? Many mistakes, no doubt, can be written off to inexperience, but *all* mistakes? In his testimony before the Subcommittee, Emmerson sought, in effect, to identify himself with George Marshall: "There were many people at that time who spoke in favor of coalition governments in which Communists might participate . . . [including] high statesmen. . . . We later found out certainly that that was not possible. . . ." But it is one thing to make the mistake of appeasing the Communists rather than fighting them, to foster coalition governments in situations where Communists are already in positions of power; it is surely another thing to cooperate actively and deliberately in building up Communist strength so as to *create* a situation in which the Communists can bid for power. Emmerson advanced a plan for making an out and out Communist organization the nucleus of "an international 'free Japan' movement"—*i.e.*, a movement in a class, presumably, with "free France" and other expatriate groups which the Allies were supporting and which were therefore to have the inside run in forming postwar governments in liberated countries. He urged that "chapters" of this Communist organization (or a "similar one") be formed in non-Communist countries, notably the United States. And, finally, that Communist units be brought in and employed by U.S. military authorities to help "pacify" Japan during the postwar occupation.

International Repercussions

The Subcommittee possessed additional evidence that bore on Mr. Emmerson's security status—additional grounds, that is, for some uneasiness over his present occupancy of a strategic diplomatic post in the Middle East. He had, on returning from China to Washington, carried a letter from Susumu Okano addressed to one Fujii Shuji, then a member of a secret OSS unit, who has since been identified as a Communist. (Emmerson said he was not then aware that Fujii was a Communist.) He had been implicated, during a subsequent tour of duty in Moscow, in an incident involving the disappearance of a document. (Emmerson didn't know what had happened to the document and indicated that an investigation by General "Beedle" Smith had resulted in his clearance.) And he had been accused by Mr. Eugene Dooman, formerly of the State Department's Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs, of engineering the release of Communists from Japanese prisons shortly after the end of the war. During the prisoner releasing affair, he had reportedly acted in league with a Dr. E. Herbert Norman, a Canadian diplomat in Tokyo, then attached to the Counter-Intelligence Corps. (Emmerson denied any responsibility for releasing the prisoners; he and Dr. Norman—with whom he also had a "social" relationship—had merely interrogated some of the Communist prisoners for counter-intelligence purposes.)

But therein lay a story that was soon to have international repercussions. How much, the Subcommittee wanted to know, did Emmerson know about his friend, Dr. Norman? Was he aware, for example, that Norman had been identified by Dr. Karl Wittfogel as a member of a Communist cell at Columbia University in the late thirties? Or that he had been a secretary of a Communist front organization called "Canadian Friends of the Chinese People?" Or of certain data contained in a security report "prepared by our most respected agencies"? Counsel Morris read an excerpt from the report:

> When Tsuru Shogato, a Japanese instructor at Harvard, was apprehended for repatriation purposes in 1942, the FBI was approached by [Dr.] Norman, who represented himself as an official on highly confidential business of the Canadian government, in an effort to take custody of Tsuru's belongings. One main item of these belongings was a complete record of the Nye munitions investigations, largely prepared by Alger Hiss. [Another item] was a letter dated 9 May 1937, which related to a series of studies . . . of American capitalism from a Marxist viewpoint. [The studies referred to] certain papers which included "American imperialism" by E. H. Norman.

And another:

> Dr. E. Herbert Norman had been recalled from Japan when his government discovered certain Communist connections, specifically with Israel Halperin, a Canadian citizen of Russian parentage, who was one of the principals implicated in the exposed Soviet military intelligence operation in Canada.

Emmerson, however, had no personal knowledge of such matters. He knew only of a "press release" in 1951, stating that Norman had been "cleared" by the Canadian government. And also that Norman was now the Canadian ambassador to Egypt. In fact, he was also accredited as Canada's minister to Lebanon —Emmerson's present bailiwick.

The Subcommittee had kicked up a hornet's nest. Within hours Canada's Foreign Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson, denounced the Subcommittee for propagating "slanders and unsupported insinuations." The State Department nervously observed that it had no control over the U.S. Senate, but made little attempt to hide its anger. The Subcommittee, unperturbed, let it be known that the investigation would be pursued. It still had a number of questions to ask. Such as why the Canadian government had never called Dr. Wittfogel in its investigation of Ambassador Norman. And why Mr. Emmerson had failed to report to the State Department about a meeting between himself and Norman in Beirut on October 27, 1956—the eve of the British invasion of Egypt.

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False Prophets of Doom

Remember when this country was "terrorized" by one Senator? Here's what hyperthyroid intellectuals were then saying about the U. S.

C. P. IVES

In the *Harvard Law Review* of November 1952 Mr. John Lord O'Brian declared that, in the federal employment security system, ". . . the Anglo-Saxon presumption of innocence is shifted and for all practical purposes the burden of proof is placed upon the individual to prove beyond a reasonable doubt his loyalty and integrity."

When Mr. O'Brian's article was published, the report of the Canadian Royal Commission on Communist espionage had been available for six years. Describing the Canadian Official Secrets Act (which the Canadian Communists had violated) the Royal commissioners discussed burden of proof and presumption of innocence in these terms:

> The People of Canada in self-protection have, through Parliament . . enacted strong presumptions against persons charged under the Official Secrets Act [which is modelled upon British acts] shifting the burden of proof from the State to the accused, and in such cases it is for the person, against whom an offense under the statute is alleged, to establish his innocence.

In other words, the "shifting" of the burden of proof in our employment security procedures is directly in line with security practices of our British and Canadian cousins. If Mr. O'Brian reads us Americans out of the Anglo-Saxon legal tradition, who, then, would be left in it?

Hutchins vs. Jackson

Now take Dr. Robert M. Hutchins:

> It has appeared that the peril to the country could be dealt with only by methods that drastically departed from those which have characterized Anglo-American jurisprudence. The range of suspected persons has been enormously extended by resort to guilt by association.

So "guilt by association" is a drastic departure from the "Anglo-American jurisprudence"? Here is the late Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson's answer to that:

> There has recently entered the dialectic of politics a cliché ["guilt by association"] used to condemn application of the conspiracy principle to Communists. "Guilt by association" is an epithet frequently used and little explained, except that it is generally accompanied by another slogan, "guilt is personal." Of course it is; but personal guilt may be incurred by joining a conspiracy. That act of association makes one responsible for the acts of others committed in pursuance of the association. . . . No term passes that this [Supreme] court does not sustain convictions based on that [conspiracy] doctrine for violations of the anti-trust or other statutes.

Or take the celebrated address in which Chief Justice Warren raised the possibility that our liberties might be suffering "erosion." He cited an admittedly silly episode in California in which some state government employees had refused to post the Bill of Rights on a public bulletin board because it was "controversial." Said the Chief Justice, "it is straws in the wind like this which cause some thoughtful people to ask the question whether ratification of the Bill of Rights could be obtained today if we were faced squarely with the issue." True, Chief Justice Warren felt that in the end ratification probably could be secured in the mid-nineteen-fifties, yet "on the other hand, I am not prepared to dispute with those who believe the issue would provoke great controversy."

But is that bad? What about the 1788 objections to the Bill of Rights which were voiced by Chief Justice Warren's greatest predecessor, John Marshall? Professor Edward S. Corwin of Princeton reminds us how in the Virginia ratifying convention, Marshall argued that bills of rights were to be considered in relation to legislative power as "recommendatory" only. He felt that "otherwise many laws which are convenient would be unconstitutional." Does Chief Justice Warren claim that John Marshall was an eroder of Anglo-American jurisprudence?

Views on Fifth Amendment

Or consider the contemporary uproar about the Fifth Amendment. "Who would feel safe," says the panicky Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey, "in wagering that the people of this country would not vote to repeal the Fifth Amendment?"

Yet here is what the great liberal justices Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, Cardozo and Black said about this Fifth Amendment privilege in a Supreme Court opinion written by Cardozo:

> Immunity from compulsory self-incrimination . . . might be lost and justice still be done. Indeed, today [1937] as in the past there are students of our penal system who look upon the immunity as a mischief rather than a benefit, and who would limit its scope or destroy it altogether. No doubt there would remain the need to give protection against torture, physical or mental . . . Justice, however, would not perish if the accused were subject to a duty to respond to orderly inquiry. . . .

Will Governor Meyner read Chief Justice Hughes and Associate Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, Cardozo and Black out of the tradition of Anglo-American jurisprudence?

In 1954 Mr. Elmer Davis published a book in which the first chapter was a long cry of mingled fury and despair about "McCarthyism." Then Mr. Davis rushed to bring out an English edition of his work. But in the brief interval between the American and English editions some things had happened to Mr. Davis' despairingly confident

(*Continued on p. 305*)

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The PRINTED Word

Apologia Britannica

The "American Survey" of the *London Economist,* most slavish of the Liberal propaganda machine's British outlets, did in a typical week the following:

—Presented Congress' defi to the President on sanctions against Israel as, in its mysterious way, a sort of Administration triumph: "In practice it is doubtful if Mr. Dulles ever expected to have to use sanctions. . . . [and the] weakening of the President's position in Congress can . . . be exaggerated. The Israeli withdrawal was obtained without the U.S. ever publicly threatening sanctions in so many words [!] and without the Administration ever publicly retracting its willingness [!] to implement sanctions if they were voted. This, after all, was its aim [!]."

—As good as told its readers not to worry their heads about Congress, and stretched the truth, maybe just a little, in order to drive its point home: "Congress is not in a position [!] to change anything radically. . . . The task before [the President] . . . is to pursue his chosen policy of working unobtrusively through the machinery of the UN without insensibly falling into the old sin of immobility. No one in Congress, for all the criticism, has asked him to do anything more forceful."

—Disposed of Senator Knowland's "double standard" argument as follows: "The Administration's real case was that no one ever seriously supposed the United Nations could do anything about a conflict which threatened the Soviet position in Eastern Europe, but that the organization ought to be used to keep other potential conflicts from being entangled in the East-West battle lines"; then admitted, *en passant,* that "this is too subtle an argument to be easy to present in public."

—Plugged the machine myth according to which those deeply-entrenched Old Guard Republicans keep right on frustrating the Good Republicans' efforts on behalf of a better world: "This is an inauspicious year for foreign assistance . . . particularly to a Communist state [Poland] which has caught Senator Knowland's disapproving eye. Yet to send the Poles away with too small a return for the political risks they have taken . . . might force Poland back [!] into dependence on Soviet Russia and frustrate the progress [!] toward liberation which Mr. Dulles has sought so ardently [!] . . . Mr. Gomulka needs what the impeccably respectable Fairless committee called 'a demonstration that a free system is far superior to an authoritarian one in providing better living conditions.' The other satellites will be watching to see if he succeeds."

Liberal-Statist Outlook

—Dutifully explained to its readers —in terms reminiscent of the "impartial" AP-UP coverage of the President's trip to the drought area —why the federal government just *has* to go to the assistance of the Great Plains farmers; laid it on the line about those "three million acres of land . . . damaged by wind erosion during this season's gales" and those "29 million acres . . . ready to blow because [there is] . . . no cover of growing plants to hold down the soil"; rode the wave of the Liberal-statist future by predicting that the "partnership" between federal government and farmers will in due course involve "[federal government] remedies . . . stabilizing the economy of the region in order to make it less dependent on water," "[federal government] tax changes . . . [to] encourage better use of land and relieve financial burdens during bad years," "[federal government] research into water supplies . . . weather prospects . . . crops and land uses," and "[federal government] encouragement of industrial development, to provide alternative jobs for farmers"; did not say so, but seemed to be thinking very loud that the [federal government] taxpayer had better relax and enjoy it.

—Availed itself, as it always does, of the week's opportunity to needle its readers' American cousins on their overweening concern about "security": ". . . the 'three wise men' of *Euratom* . . . [have suggested] that America should use Europe, with its high costs for conventional power, as a proving ground for its designs for atomic plants. This promising idea will not get far, however, unless the committee is less jealous of American atomic secrets."

—Defied the machine—as, for reasons best known to itself, it does now and then—on the current "shortage" of scientists and engineers in the United States: "For some time now there has been deep concern about [this shortage], which is supposed to be threatening . . . defense, progress and prosperity . . . [It] has been evoked by reports of the numbers being trained in the Soviet Union . . . [and] by warnings from industrialists, educational leaders and government officials. . . . It is therefore a little surprising to discover that in fact there is no general or widespread shortage. . . . The best estimates suggest that there are about 700,000 qualified scientists in the United States and that less than a third of these specialists are occupied in the work for which they were trained . . . [What has happened is that the] cries of 'shortage' have [themselves] accelerated a tendency to stockpile scientists and engineers in considerable excess of current or foreseeable demands, a trend encouraged by cost-plus research contracts, generous tax concessions for establishing or expanding a research program, a desire for prestige, and the simple determination to get or keep a good man away from trade rivals . . . [In any case] it is officially forecast that in about ten years' time the supply . . . should have caught up with the demand."

And—for the "Survey" seldom fails to illuminate the rare problem on which it kicks over the traces—this further word of significant truth:

"Finally, [one authority] has pointed out, . . . there is never enough of everything all at once. There is a shortage, he said, of 'good baseball players' and of 'beautiful women' . . . [And] there is a long-felt want for more geniuses—Einsteins are scarcer than hen's teeth." W.K.

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The Eclipse of Mendès-France

The Frenchman with a great future behind him has certain ideas about a return to power—with General De Gaulle.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

In a land hopelessly divided by the unresolved conflict between Bourbon legitimacy (the strong Executive) and the Jacobin revolutionary tradition (the all-powerful Parliament), Pierre Mendès-France appeared, in 1954 after the fall of Dien-Bien-Phu, a strange candidate for Premier. He was Jewish, the son of a tailor, a *petit bourgeois* by class and education. He had no grandiose political philosophy to offer France and little personal magnetism outside the confines of the Palais Bourbon.

He was grotesquely ugly, a small, bulky figure of a man with the heavy eyebrows, domineering nose and black jowls of a *Polichinelle*. Fast, sometimes even brutal, in parliamentary debate, he was no great orator in a land whose orators have outnumbered its statesmen. His political following was small, if fanatic, and his intimate friends few.

And yet, in his seven months in office, Mendès-France brought about substantive changes in the French Union and made himself the single most important counter on the chessboard of European politics. When his Government fell, two years ago last month, it seemed impossible to many that the French National Assembly could slip back into that system of government by abdication (of *immobilisme*) from which Mendès-France had jolted it. His defeat tore from François Mauriac the agonized cry: "They have murdered that infant, hope."

Today, Mendès-France's impact on French politics is small and his prospects of returning to power dim. The aura of success with which he surrounded himself during his premiership has proven as insubstantial as the New Deal he promised France and never delivered. The myth of Mendès-France, "man of action," has been pounded to bits against the harsh realities of parliamentary statistics, the impotence of the French intellectual Left and the determination of most Frenchmen to maintain the *status quo*, no matter what.

To understand how Mendès could have been so powerful in 1954 it is necessary to understand the prevailing climate in France after the disaster of Dien-Bien-Phu. France then was humbled and outraged. Mendès-France, cocky, aggressive, with a sense of urgent mission, was what France wanted at that moment. She accepted with humility the harsh words of his investiture speech: "France must recognize herself as a second class power, but an honest one."

Accent on Speed

It was the right tone for the right moment. It stung a generation out of its habitual apathy toward things political. The accent suddenly was on youth, on speed. Gone from the Mendès cabinet were the older politicians who had swept in and out of sight with the rise and fall of nineteen postwar governments like figures on a carrousel. Present, very much present, was a sense of urgency injected by the Premier himself. "I will," he said in his investiture address, "bring back an armistice from Geneva in one month's time or resign. I will force a decision on the European Defense Community. I will take action to end the unrest in Tunisia and Morocco, or confess defeat."

In two and a half months he had fulfilled his pledge. It was a spectacular demonstration of agility. Mendès rammed one proposal after another through the Assembly, depending each time on a different parliamentary lineup, moving so fast that the battle lines had no time to harden against him. On August 30, while Mendès stood on the sidelines, the weary deputies killed the EDC, recessed for the summer, and left the Premier free to patch as he saw fit the jagged gap in the Western alliance.

For the first time in years, a leader had captured the imagination of the French populace. More important, Mendès bore off a willing captive behind his chariot: a powerful and articulate segment of the intellectual Left; of those artists, writers and journalists whose influence in France has so often outweighed their capabilities. To these men, Mendès-France appeared as the architect of a social upheaval which would revitalize the nation and carry through the interrupted designs of *la grande révolution*. He was not compromised by the vacillations of the postwar governments. He had steadfastly refused all ministerial assignments since 1945, even though his own Radical-Socialist Party was included in every ruling coalition between 1947 and 1954.

During those years, Mendès preached to those who would listen to his doctrine of an economic renaissance for France, a program which the French press referred to as "*le* New Deal" *mendèsiste*. To Mendès-France, the pragmatist, it was obvious that, if French products were ever to compete on the world market, the cocoon of protectionist legislation, of government subsidies and high tariffs which keep France's uneconomic industries going, must be torn away. In France, such a proposal is revolutionary, and the Left, predictably, took fire when Mendès-France offered it a partnership in building his brave new world.

With the state-operated radio and television system at his disposal, with a state-supported news agency ready to accept his dictates, Mendès played up his resemblance to Franklin Delano Roosevelt (whom the French intelligentsia had idealized and idolized since the mid-thirties). Like FDR, Mendès was now referred to by his initials, PMF. Like FDR, PMF

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went directly to the people with a weekly fireside chat. Like FDR, PMF spared no pains to identify himself with the man on the street. Like FDR, PMF called his social program "*le* New Deal."

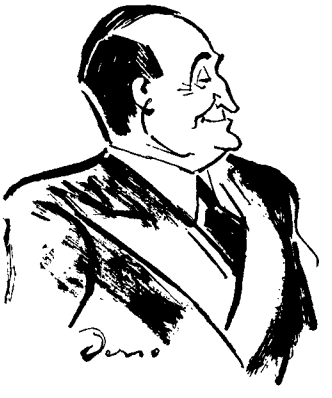
It wasn't until PMF actually threatened to put his New Deal into effect that his premiership was doomed. On December 30, 1954, he forced an ever more reluctant National Assembly to approve the Paris Accords—a patchwork of seven hastily drawn treaties to replace the EDC—and announced that he would now turn over the Foreign Ministry to Edgar Faure and take over Faure's Finance portfolio. But this time the battle lines had time to harden. PMF was now opposed by the Communists, the pacifist wing of the Socialists, and the right-wing Gaullists—all united in fear of even the limited German rearmament authorized by the Paris Accords. The "Europeans," Robert Schuman, Jean Monnet and Georges Bidault, and their followers, blamed him for the defeat of EDC. Extreme nationalists claimed his concessions to Tunisia would result in the loss of all of North Africa; they distrusted his reform program for Algeria. The Independent and Peasant Parties were under pressure from the beet growers, the alcohol distillers and small businessmen—already restive under certain *mendèsiste* regulations —to topple PMF before he attacked his economic program with the frightening energy he had demonstrated in foreign affairs.

The "New Left"

Mendès fell in a debate over North Africa, on February 5, 1955. He had overestimated his popular appeal and its effect on the parliament. He saw only that thousands of young Frenchmen had flocked to join the Radical Socialist Party since his investiture. He heard the fervor with which they publicly proclaimed their *mendèsism.* He underestimated the animosity his program, and his person, had aroused. He forgot the elementary historical fact that the French parliamentarian fears a strong executive.

But once over the shock, Mendès-France could see certain advantages in his fall. He had wrung all the drama possible out of his seven months in office. Now he would lay the groundwork for a *nouvelle gauche* which would broaden his parliamentary support and free him from the shifting political alliances on which any Premier in the party-splintered Assembly must depend. In February 1955, Mendès figured he had sixteen months in which to forge a dynamic new rally of the Left—the sixteen months which would elapse before the general elections of June 1956. And he had a formidable crew behind him.

There was André Malraux, France's ace intellectual, foremost art critic and historian of his generation, adventurer, sometime Communist, now an ardent Gaullist, who saw in Mendès the instrument for the fulfillment of that glory which De Gaulle had promised *la France éternelle.* There



was Albert Camus, a one-time revolutionist whose tortuous attempts to justify the Soviet system in the post-Liberation days when he edited *Combat* had carried him out of the Communist camp entirely, with the realization that "revolutionary terror is the betrayal of the human revolt." The break between Camus and Jean-Paul Sartre (who studiously followed the Communist line until the Hungarian revolt), so graphically described by Simone de Beauvoir in *Les Mandarins,* shook the French Left to its rope-sandalled toes. There was François Mauriac, novelist, member of the French Academy, a Catholic writer dedicated to a program of social justice considered radical in some Catholic circles. There was Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, *Wunderkind* editor of the weekly *l'Express.* And there was a host of other luminaries.

With these men as his propagandists, Mendès-France hoped to raise a banner behind which all men of the Left, including those millions who go Communist at every election, could unite. But the *nouvelle gauche* never got off the ground. Five million Frenchmen voted Communist in 1951 before M. France and his New Deal had been heard from. Five million Frenchmen voted Communist again in 1956.

The *mendèsistes* blamed this on the fact that their electoral campaign was short-changed six months when Edgar Faure dissolved the National Assembly after his fall from power in November 1955 (which PMF helped engineer), and forced new elections in January 1956, rather than in June. But this was an over-simplification. The truth is that there was no burst of enthusiasm for Mendès-France among the laboring men and women of France who vote Communist because the social structure of the nation offers them no surcease from a life of bitter toil. If they considered his record at all it must have seemed to them that Mendès, in his anti-alcohol, pro-milk campaign, had cracked down only on the little fellow, the *bouilleur de cru* (home distiller), the beet farmer and the small café owner. To others on the Left, Mendès-France's aspiration to be their champion was compromised from the start because he spoke from the Radical-Socialist stand, besmirched in their eyes by its prewar leadership, by the appeasement of the Daladiers and by its reputation as the party of the *bourgeoisie.* To the nation at large, no longer mesmerized by PMF's dazzling gestures, it was becoming apparent, too, that many of Mendès-France's heralded foreign-policy solutions were coming apart.

PMF had ended the Indochina War, true; but he had also brought to an end 75 years of French influence in the region. PMF had offered Tunisia internal sovereignty, true; but Tunisia and Morocco as well were now demanding, and would certainly win, unconditional independence; and Algeria was in revolt. PMF had wrung West Germany's consent to the internationalization of the Saar, true; but the people of the Saar had rejected that status. In retrospect, Mendès-France emerged from his premiership not as an economic or political philosopher, but as an activist, a pragmatist, an opportunist.

A final blow to the architects of *la nouvelle gauche* was the failure of

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l'Express. Servan-Schreiber's organ was transformed from a weekly to a daily late in October 1955, when the *mendèsistes* believed they still had eight months to go before the elections; but not even the fact that its editors included Mauriac, Malraux, Camus and PMF himself, could save the daily *Express* from being a surprisingly uninteresting, amateurish and costly flop.

Blocked Again

This, in effect, was the end. With his dream of a *nouvelle gauche* a shambles, Mendès took the only path open to him as a man of action: he joined in an electoral coalition of the Left which earned him a junior partnership and a cabinet post, if not a portfolio, in the subsequent Guy Mollet Government.

But the uneasy Mollet-Mendès alliance was doomed to failure from the start. Mollet, a doctrinaire Socialist, proud of his working class origin—*ce quaker du socialisme* as he has been dubbed—was suspicious of the individualistic, hot-tempered *petit bourgeois* who is Mendès-France. Their association lasted four months, and the issue they broke on was Algeria.

Here, again, the split was procedural rather than philosophical. There is no indication that PMF has a "colonial" policy; that he burns with the conviction that colonial peoples have a right to eventual self-determination: that he wants them, when they reach a certain level of political maturity, accepted as equal partners with France in the all-encompassing arms of the French Union. But with the Indochina debacle fresh in mind, Mendès-France was and is convinced that the Mollet-La Coste Algerian policy of "force now, talk later" is suicidal. Time is running out for France in Algeria—and possibly in all of French Africa—he says; and he insists that, the longer France delays before she negotiates in good faith with the Algerian rebels, the more she will be forced to give in the final settlement. So Mendès stepped down, an angry and disappointed man, blocked in every direction on his drive to power.

His *nouvelle gauche* is bankrupt. During the months when he tried to launch it he emerged with no political philosophy around which thoughtful men could rally. His New Deal remains what it was—a jumble of economic expedients grounded on no particular body of economic thought.

It was, in fact, a contradiction in terms. For what Mendès-France proposed was to re-establish by legislation the spirit of free economy and free competition in a nation where the very concept is dead. (A French government commission reported some years ago that, in France, a Soviet Five-Year Plan would be a lesser revolution than a return to the competitive economy.)

He is also blocked in the Palais Bourbon, both by the powerful enemies he made during his premiership and by the weakness of his own party. The purges and convolutions of the past year, through which Mendès won control of the Radical apparatus and, incidentally, physical control of party headquarters, Place de Valois, have so splintered the party that Mendès can count on only 40 Radicals (or, as they are called, *Valoisiens*) in the 629-member National Assembly. He even hesitates to order the twelve Radical ministers who still form part of the Mollet cabinet to resign, for fear they might refuse.

All that Mendès-France has to offer France today is his person and his own, almost Messianic conviction that he is destined to lead the nation out of the morass into a state of honor and abundance. He is one of the few Frenchmen who still believe in his apocalyptic mission.

One last card he does hold—his continued association with General De Gaulle, who feels affinity with Mendès-France as he does with few other men on the Left. And De Gaulle still wields enormous influence on France today, even from his self-imposed and lonely country retreat. His rare public pronouncements carry the weight of a Delphic proclamation. In times of crisis, his name crops up first in the public prints. It is not unusual to hear him eulogized in the terms used by Mauriac recently in *l'Express*: "It is incredibly fortunate that there is to be found in the France of 1956 one Frenchman of such stature, so different from those of today and perhaps from those of yesterday."

De Gaulle and PMF have this in common: De Gaulle considers himself the spiritual father of the French Union; Mendès hopes to save it, by surgery if necessary. Both are agreed that a rebirth is essential. Mendès speaks of it in terms of a *choc psychologique;* De Gaulle in terms of a constitutional upheaval which would impose a strong executive on the Fourth Republic.

Should the situation in France so deteriorate that the National Assembly would be willing to call De Gaulle back to power, on his own terms (and the General will return on no others), then Mendès, as the General's lieutenant, might again ascend to the seat of authority.

FALSE PROPHETS OF DOOM

(*Continued from p.* 301)

predictions of doom for America. As the reviewer in the *London Economist* put it:

> The first and longest of these essays is a report on the state of civil liberties [in America] at the end of 1953. Mr. Davis himself, in his foreword to the English edition, recognizes that it is already much out of date and that he exaggerated the invulnerability of Senator McCarthy. . . .

What explains this willingness of celebrated American intellectuals to defame the United States on evidence so flimsy that the more mercurial of them retract within a period of months? And the Davis case gains special point from the fact that Mr. Davis is one of the sternest critics of the American press for irresponsibility in its reporting.

All these gentlemen—the O'Brians, the Hutchinses, the Warrens, the Meyners, the Davises—have been freely expressing their opinions throughout that "reign of terror" which (their friends insist) silences all dissent. They and their friends have said that liberty was dying in America, that thought was suppressed, that intellect was excluded from government, that the Anglo-American legal tradition was debauched and defiled. What they said was false, but they were free to say it. They have used their eminence and their privilege to misrepresent their country (which I, for one, do not doubt they really love as much as do the rest of us). It is too bad. They ought to stop it.

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Take With Salt Tablets

In December 1953 there was a great conference in Bermuda which led to events horribly different from those foreseen by the publicists and propagandists. President Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, and French Premier Joseph Laniel, assisted by John Foster Dulles, Anthony Eden, Georges Bidault, Lord Cherwell and Admiral Lewis Strauss, agreed on unified action to protect the West, including support of the French in Indo-China, the European Defense Community, continued effort for a Korean political conference (to end the truce with a peace pact). The Conference denounced the unjustified division of Europe and pledged action to obtain "more normal" conditions in the Far East.

Most of the press, of radio and TV served up the Bermuda propaganda, raw, unwashed, and without the faintest trace of sodium chloride. By and large the public failed to be infected by the canned optimism.

The Berlin meeting, born of the Bermuda Conference, was held early in 1954. There the Reds talked the Big Three into a "spider-and-flies party" at Geneva.

At this (the first) Geneva Conference (held in the spring of 1954) France lost Indo-China; free elections in Korea were defeated by Communist objections to UN supervision; the European Defense Community showed signs of pernicious anemia. The disunity of the West was clear. The "unjustified" division of Europe never received the distinction of debate. And conditions in the Far East almost immediately became less "normal."

What will be the consequences of the second Bermuda Conference? Will the rift between Britain and the U.S. be healed? Will a firm mutual policy be established? Who knows? But in viewing, or hearing, or reading the inevitable commentaries and analyses during the next week or so, Washington observers suggest judicious use of salt tablets.

Election Coming Up

With four top officials of the Teamsters Union under federal indictment, Boss Beck is poised delicately on the pogo stick between the frying-pan and fire. And with the President's order approving disclosure of income tax returns to Senate probers, there is understandably a tremendous agitation in the Beck organization—and considerable apprehension in various others.

But—and this has received little publicity—there is also a vast amount of "politicking." The Teamsters Union, which holds elections only once in five years, is getting ready for the next vote, in September at Miami Beach. The job of president pays $50,000 a year (or a total of a quarter of a million for a single term) and perquisites which, in the light of recent revelations, make the salary look like chicken-feed.

Mr. Beck has announced that he wants another term and will seek "vindication" from the membership. So, unless things worsen, his abdication is not in prospect; the king is hotly pressed, but not dead or defeated. Nevertheless his potential successors are quietly intimating their availability just in case Mr. Beck and his top lieutenants for one reason or another happen to be unavailable come September.

There are, however, eight Teamster VP's, as well as numerous powerful local and regional officers, who have not been involved in the investigation. None of them at the moment, in the opinion of well-informed labor reporters, carries enough weight to carry the convention against Beck, but some might grow considerably in power by September.

The People vs. the Sixteenth

In an interview with former Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah, during the recent Washington conference of "For America" leaders, he gave reasons for his confidence that the Sixteenth Amendment (income tax) will either be repealed or drastically revised.

Thirty-three states (the most recent being Arkansas)—one more than the number required under Article V. of the Constitution—have passed resolutions petitioning Congress to call a Convention to reconsider the federal income tax. Congress is the sole judge of whether or not the states have complied with the meaning of Article V., and resolutions have been in the past either vetoed by governors or rescinded by legislatures.

But in this fight, which passed its first milestone in 1939 with action by the Wyoming legislature, time has been on the side of the taxpayer. Since then, 32 legislatures have come to follow the Wyoming example. This represents not only a moral mandate to Congress, but also the certainty that other legislatures will do the same, because of the basic fact that the demand comes from the people. Congress conceivably might ignore the state legislatures, but members of Congress cannot defy the people and remain in office. Several congressional proposals are pending.

Governor Lee will campaign from now until 1960 for the economic and political rehabilitation of America. Sometimes, he said, hecklers demand: "What would you have to replace the Sixteenth Amendment?" To which the Governor replies: "Nothing. Since 1913 the federal government under both parties has clearly proved incapable and unworthy of being entrusted with unlimited power to confiscate private income."

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Spanish Crisis

The entire Iberian Peninsula is in the throes of an economic and political crisis that is extremely difficult to describe. It is quite different from the crisis prevalent either in France, Germany, or the Red orbit. One cannot even trace the origins of this creeping crisis which consists of tension and decomposition, of distrust and the establishment of new alliances, of unsuspected animosities and the incertitudes of old foreign alignments.

Both the European integration and the American invasion have created in Spain a curious *malaise*. The growing European integration has the effect, for Spain, of a temptation to join Europe under a more or less Catholic denominator. And a *Europe Vaticane* with Volkswagen, Leicas, and Philips radio sets, is something not easily resisted by the average Spaniard. Yet he might also see in such an appealing spiritual-technological synthesis a subtle danger to the soul and the economic structure of his country.

The American influence, spiritually more "neutral" but financially more powerful than European integration, constitutes another threat altogether. There were, originally, many hopes attached to it. The government expected more money. The liberals expected some sort of political aid. The Americans expected a better cooperation between Spain and the U.S.

Spain has made almost desperate efforts to cement the country's odd mixture of historic enmities, relationship with the West, close ties with the Moslem world—a cocktail of conflicting sentiments that Madrid tries to drink continually. And then there are those almost fantastic Spanish deals with the Soviet Union which made possible the repatriation of hundreds of Red Spaniards and their newly acquired families. The return of the Spanish war prisoners who had served in the "Blue Division" drew little attention; but the recent arrangement, whereby the Soviet authorities released hundreds of women and children, all born in the USSR, was a sensation.

Still, the specter of a Spanish-Soviet alliance (after the Ribbentrop-Molotov pattern) does not exist. Not that the Soviets would pass up such an opporunity. But there are certain things the present Spanish government is psychologically incapable of doing. This, however, does not exclude the fact that there are very definite channels of communication between Madrid and a certain sector of the Kremlin. But a channel of this sort might vanish overnight. (Here one must remember Franco's remark about the West's neglect to detach the new Soviet upper class from its ideological encumberment.)

Uneasy Coalition

To understand the internal Spanish situation one has to bear in mind that the government is an uneasy coalition of a variety of philosophies, organized into definite cliques and groups that are all represented in the bureaucratic machinery. There are liberals, Socialist Falangists, conservatives, Carlist monarchists, Christian democrats, Catholic fascists, liberal Catholics—anything you can think of, save the extreme Left.

The profound division among the Spaniards can be felt even better outside the walls of the ministries. In a restaurant, where the spoken word is subject to no control, one can see clearly why a return to parliamentary methods, in this country, would be hopeless. Socially the Spaniards are more democratic than almost any nation in the West. But politically they do not qualify for a democratic system of government at all. And *temperamentally* they are liberals in the most literal sense of the term. Hence their hot resentment against control of journalistic and literary activities.

The newest development in Spain is the rapprochement between the Catholic Church and the left wing of the Falange—two organizations which, in the past, have not always been on good terms. This rapprochement is mostly due to the increased interest of the Church in social problems. Once confined to the Bishops of Málaga and Valencia, that interest is today characteristic of almost the entire Spanish episcopacy.

The enormous differences in Spanish living standards, always proverbial, have nothing to do with "unbridled capitalism." In fact, a capitalistic free market economy is something Spain is badly in need of but does not possess. Nor are the provocative differences exclusively (or even predominantly) the result of the undeniable avarice, the pettiness, the irresponsibility of the Spanish upper class. There has even been, in the last three or four years, an improvement in Spain's general living conditions, though it is far less spectacular than the one we have witnessed in Italy or Germany. The Franco government has gone out of its way to gain the confidence and the cooperation of the working class—with the result that Spain has the most elaborate system of social security outside of New Zealand.

The Human Factor

The crucial problem of the Spanish economy is hardly ever mentioned by the social reformers—the human factor in production. The Spaniard is a splendid worker as long as he produces goods in a personal way, as a craftsman. But he seems to be incapable of putting his heart into modern machine production. He is, in fact, a dismal failure on the assembly line. The main problem for Spain in her modernization ("Europeanization," "Americanization") is the education of the Spaniards towards a modern ethic of work and of responsibility, and towards a material ambition alien to the Spanish soul.

The *Opus Dei*, a Catholic lay organization not without a certain political influence but still active only in intellectual circles, is preaching this new gospel. The group lays a pointing finger on Spain's real wound: her splendid individualism that abhors social slavery, even if it spells prosperity.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Accreditation

Though I have the good fortune to be thrice a doctor of letters (once earned, twice honorary), a degree senior to that of doctor of philosophy, I confess to an aversion to being called "Doctor." I might be mistaken for a doctor of education.

The other day, nevertheless, I rejoiced in being called "Doctor" by the members of our local board of education; for a well-meaning little educationist from the state university had come to our village to tell us what our school would have to do to have its graduates accredited for admission to the university; and I had prayed unto the Lord to deliver just such a one into my hand. Not yet having attained himself to the dignity of the doctorate of education, he winced under the repetition of my grand title, but bore up as best he could, falteringly addressing me as "Mr." to show that only doctors of education are entitled to the purple. I learned a great deal from him.

Among other benefactions, he bestowed upon me copies of "Criteria for Accreditation," an official publication of his own University of Michigan, and of the North Central Association's "Policies, Regulations, and Criteria for the Approval of Secondary Schools." The former document is patterned upon the latter. Now the North Central Association is one of the most reputable accrediting-bodies in our country, and the University of Michigan is one of our two or three best state universities. Educationists much inferior to these agencies are endeavoring to obtain an ascendency over the complex machinery for accrediting students and teachers and schools and colleges and universities. So my criticisms are not directed against the North Central Association and the University of Michigan in particular, but rather are remonstrances with even these august foundations.

These two pamphlets are intended to establish certain standards for the governance of schools preparing pupils for entrance into a college or university—at least, such is the nominal purpose of the University of Michigan's accreditation staff, though the North Central Association (primarily an association of colleges) do not expressly state that their secondary-school norms are designed to help in the preparation of students for entrance into their member colleges. Bearing this avowed or implicit end in view, I was surprised to find how little was said in either pamphlet about what disciplines schools ought to impart to their pupils—oldfangled academic disciplines, I mean. Instead, members of school boards and school superintendents are treated to a wealth of sociological and pseudo-philosophical jargon. Take, for instance, "Criterion I, Philosophy and Objectives," in the University's pamphlet (almost identical with a parallel passage in the Association's pamphlet). The first item under this head is "A. The School and the Community"; and under this is point "1. Understanding the Community." I quote in full:

> The school is familiar with the distinctive characteristics of the community, such as its sociological composition, its social, economic, religious, recreational, and educational institutions and agencies, and the educational needs of both its youth and its adults. The local community is also a part of the state, nation, and world; therefore, the school is also concerned with developing an understanding of the social, political, economic, and other forces of these larger communities and with aiding the development of the ability of all people to live together in one world.

Well! So our little school here at Mecosta is expected to accomplish what the UN cannot. But perhaps the professors of education will tell us how to go about "understanding the community," apparently the primary function of an accredited school. It takes some searching to find the appropriate paragraph on what we are to teach in order to learn "to live together in one world." At length, however, one discovers the following, in the University's pamphlet: Point 1, Section B, Criterion II: "Preparation for College. The program of studies is sufficiently broad to enable pupils to prepare for entrance into accredited colleges." O to be a professor of education, to solve all difficulties thus!

But think not that I am reproaching the Bureau of School Services of the University of Michigan, which gives us these valuable "Criteria for Accreditation"; on the contrary, I am congratulating them; for their statement of what a school ought to teach is far more explicit than is the parallel statement in the pamphlet of the North Central Association. Here is the complete text of that latter statement: "The curriculum should be chiefly concerned with the orientation, guidance, instruction, and participation of youth in those significant areas of living for which education should supplement the work of other institutions."

Let us not deceive ourselves: the educationists who set our school norms are resolved not to allow us any "subject-matter" standards; "plant," "enriching experiences," and "varied curricula" (by which they mean fun and games) are the "significant" aspects of education in the eyes of these gentry. The North Central Association, the best-known college accrediting body in the country, declines to mention a single subject or discipline which ought to be required for college entrance!

At our school-board meeting, some of us tried to prevail upon our little educationist, sent down from on high by the Bureau of School Services, to suggest *some* academic aims for a village school. That all depends upon the needs of the community, said he. One thing, though, he was sure our school needed: the "enrichments of a varied curriculum." What sort of enrichments? Why, a course in ceramics; more clubs; an electric typewriter; and some new cooking-stoves. "Remember, we owe our boys and girls everything they can possibly get from life." Yes: everything, apparently, except reading, writing, and arithmetic.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Of Sundry Comedians

A trend is a trend is a trend, but it can be bucked: even this season six months of unabashed melancholia, has seen redeeming moments of laughter—happy, riotous, healing laughter. And now that I am trying to bring order into my recollection of these rare blessings I discover that, each time, the feat was the actors', not the play's. This, I suspect, is important. But far more important, of course, is the fact of laughter. So let us, first of all, praise the moments of bliss.

A Visit to a Small Planet

The play by Mr. Gore Vidal, is at best worthless. (At worst, it is nasty like a little boy's scribbling on deserted walls.) But the play is clearly not the thing when two abandoned clowns get hold of a textual prop and don't let go again. Before I knew what was happening, I was rolling in the aisle, as they say in the vernacular; and in the upside-down of such commotion there was neither time nor space to take critical notes on Mr. Vidal's poor brainwork and even poorer taste. The two clowns, Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Mr. Eddie Mayehoff, had irretrievably transported me into the outer space of absurdity.

It would seem impossible to think of two actors less fitted to complement each other than Messrs. Ritchard and Mayehoff. Mr. Ritchard comes straight from the classical tradition of stylish bawdiness, Mr. Mayehoff straight from Minsky's. Mr. Ritchard is an elegant fop, Mr. Mayehoff an illiterate provincial. And yet, Mr. Mayehoff steals every scene, the entire show and, above all, your heart.

How he does it, I am sure he doesn't know himself. His General Tom Powers, irrevocably dedicated to the Army's laundry service and plainly annoyed by anything else, especially history and wars, is the greatest vaudeville act since W. C. Fields. For, to be sure, it is no theater—no acting, that is. You will remember it the same way you remember W. C. Fields playing the most crooked billiards of all time—as an act of frightening perfection, an awesome bit of madness completely unrelated to any other human experience and, particularly, any dramatic intent. This is exactly what Mr. Mayehoff accomplishes in *A Visit to a Small Planet*: he, thank God, murders the play with a clownery so powerful and so self-centered that not even Mr. Ritchard can survive the hurricane.

But Mr. Ritchard, who directed the show himself, must after all have known what Mr. Mayehoff was doing to the play and to its star. Yet not even the director, I'd like to add, could have known what Mr. Mayehoff's performance would do to an abused, disjointed, humanly reduced Broadway audience, namely: make it recover in an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Ziegfeld Follies

After one short scene ("Double Indemnity") that makes you wince over man's acumen for stupid vulgarity, and another one ("If You Got Music") that makes you despair over man's cruelty to other men's investments ($300,000 has reportedly been sunk into this show), Miss Beatrice Lillie enters the stage from a snowy nowhere—and life is good again.

What follows ("Milady Dines Alone") is an inspired pantomime every bit as good as Charlie Chaplin's dance of the two little rolls in *The Gold Rush*. Miss Lillie tries to eat asparagus, to disrobe a lobster and, in general, to master the hopeless intricacies of living. She is of course defeated, but she leaves the stage with a gesture of indomitable courage—a joy forever, a monument to the impudent ridiculousness of existence.

And, from there on, the show follows exactly this recipe: one third stupid vulgarity, one third embarrassing inadequacy, and one-third delightful Bea Lillie. As shows come these days, this one seems to me a bargain: forty minutes in the company of the world's most improper lady are not at all overpaid with eighty minutes of prurient rot, especially if one keeps in mind that the normal Broadway production is prurient rot *without* Lady Peel.

In Miss Lillie's case that is immediately clear which, in the case of so-called legitimate shows, becomes obvious only on second thought: that the mature actor is incredibly superior to the contemporary dramatic material. Only when left to their own devices are Mr. Mayehoff in *A Visit to a Small Planet* or Sir Ralph Richardson in *The Waltz of the Toreadors* or Mr. Eric Portman in *Separate Tables* humanly and artistically impressive. The actors, come to think of it, only emphasize what we experience every day in our entire world of gadgetry: The *tools* of expression are approaching perfection while the *message* atrophies to total meaninglessness.

Wechsler Follies

I was going to report also on a remarkable vaudeville act of Mr. David Burns in *A Hole in the Head*, but this column operates on a strict first-come-first-served basis, and Mr. James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*, is next in line.

He, too, is a talented comedian, but his timing is poor and he never knows when he is ahead of the game. Some weeks ago, in my "'Baby Doll' and Infant Minds" column of January 12, I mistakenly contended that the *New York Post* had editorially supported the paper's infamous boycott campaign against Gieseking. Mr. Wechsler thereupon sent me the photostat of a *Post* editorial of April 15, 1953, which explicitly said that "we have no passion for the local crusade to exclude Gieseking." As I told Mr. Wechsler in my letter of acknowledgement, I felt in duty bound to inform my readers that I had been mistaken and that the *Post*, while keeping its boycott-crazed clientele happy with most sympathetic and provocatively sensationalized *news* stories on the boycott,

(*Continued on p.* 314)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Auden: Many Returns

ROBERT PHELPS

At fifty (February 21), Auden is an imposing sight. His bibliography, if compiled, would reveal a bulk, variety and permanence of verbal output with which no other living poet in English—not even Robert Graves—could compete: stage plays, radio scripts, opera librettos, adaptations; prefaces, anthologies, essays, reviews; lectures, recordings, travel diaries, translations; besides every imaginable sort of verse, from song lyrics to sonnet sequences, didactic couplets to dramatic oratorios, sestinas to Drott-Kvaetts, and literally hundreds of prosodic feats which no one else in six hundred years of English poetry has surpassed.

At fifty, too, Auden's creative life continues to arrange itself as tidily as one of his poems. Just as his First Period ended with his arrival in America in 1939, so, now, his Second Period—the American one, of exile, inner life, religious quickening, and aloneness—ended last June 11, when he delivered his inaugural lecture as Oxford's Professor of Poetry. The *Wandervogel* had come home. Undergraduates cheered. *The Listener* printed his picture in cap and gown, as undapper as ever, but at ease now, authoritative, admired, content. A Third Period, of calm, success, propriety, was under way.

Like the earlier *Bucolics* and *Horae Canonicae*, *The Old Man's Road* (New York: Voyages Press, $1.50) is another suite of seven poems about a common theme. This time it is Auden's favorite hero, the heedless young man who goes on the Quest and is successful precisely because he does not try too hard, because he is capable of being distracted from his own salvation by something that catches his fancy more—a butterfly, his girl, a trick of versification. For

> The Old Man leaves his road to those
> Who never ask what History is up to,
> So cannot act as if they knew

—that is, to those who escape the sin of presumption because they cannot be too earnest.

Gay, relaxed, aoristic, aloof, Auden's poetry has lost none of its verbal invention or nimble intelligence. But something else is missing, which it once had, and which one has only to read his Oxford lecture to identify. Discussing the relation of the poet to the critic, he says:

> I shall be compelled from time to time to give autobiographical illustrations. This is regrettable, but unavoidable.

Even considering the circumstances of a live poet addressing an academic audience, this is a curiously terrible apology to make. Where else has he a better right, or obligation, to look for illustrations? A poet may be, as Keats said, "the least poetical thing among God's creatures"; he may be a born watcher of others, and a relentlessly self-conscious being who is existential only when he writes. But he is still one of God's creatures. Like anyone else, his own example is still all he will ever have to offer. Though fact and fiction may be, for him, equally useful means of bearing witness, he must nevertheless bear witness. He is no more exempt from saying "I" than his neighbor.

But for some years Auden has been uneasy about this. Poetry, he has insisted, is essentially frivolous, and of course it *can* be—monstrously so—if its maker declines to be exposed in it. When he is present and avowed, though, it is no more frivolous than any other human "way of happening," and no better proof of this can be found than in Auden's own career.

In the late thirties and early forties, his writing bore witness to his own experience without apology. As a voluntary exile from Britain during the war, he suffered extensive personal attack ("I, too, am reproached, for what and how much you know," said one of his most beautiful poems). Everything he uttered was vulnerable and struggling. It was easy to make fun of him (as it always is of anyone who bears witness). He was capable, in a book review, of saying, "This September, whenever I listened to the radio, I started to cry." And to the discomfort of his readers in the *Nation* he could declare in 1941:

> Recent history is showing, I think . . . that man cannot live without a sense of the Unconditional: if he does not consciously walk in fear of the Lord, then his unconscious sees to it that he has something else, airplanes or secret police, to walk in fear of.

He could also write a poem which ended like this:

> The blessed will not care what angle they are regarded from,
> Having nothing to hide. Dear, I know nothing of
> Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless love
> Or the life to come, what I hear is the murmur
> Of underground streams, what I see is a limestone landscape.

Today, safely tucked in Oxford's Poetry Chair, he can say, "I still think Rilke a great poet, though I cannot read him any more," and add that he would "implicitly" trust the judgment of a critic who likes "riddles and all other ways of not calling a spade a spade."

As one reader who has been more moved, excited, and privately emboldened by Auden's voice than by any other in contemporary literature, I wish him well in his fifty-first year. I also wish him a Fourth Period to come—of wildness, fury, impropriety, and a resurgence in his writing of that quality of innerness and unguarded

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shamelessness out of which he once warned himself that "If a writer is not to harm both others and himself, he must consider, and very much more humbly and patiently than he has been doing, what kind of a person he is, and what may be his real function."

It Wasn't Einstein

Atomic Quest, by Arthur Holly Compton. 370 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00

In the forum of history Arthur Compton can, and does, say: "I was one of the handful to whom fell the responsibility for initiating and carrying through the American wartime atomic project. This book is a simple account of what I saw."

Atomic Quest is important not merely for historical justice, but because the common estimate of famous men affects national policy. For example, what have been the consequences of the reverential attitude toward Albert Einstein? Obviously his influence in his later years was largely political, and it is politically very powerful. But it depended on the assumption that it was not political at all—that Einstein was above politics, was at least the greatest scientist since Newton, was in particular (by virtue of $E=Mc^2$) responsible for the discovery of atomic energy, and so the true if reluctant father of the atomic bomb.

I think the public ought to mull over the fact that Arthur Compton says (and this without serious dissent from other scientists): "Ernest Rutherford . . . was for me the greatest of all nuclear physicists, with Enrico Fermi as his close second. . . . Einstein's direct contributions to the understanding of atomic nuclei, as compared . . . with those of Rutherford or Fermi, were minor."

Let *Time, Life,* the *New York Times,* the AP, CBS, and other "media" explain why the highbrow in the street makes obeisance to Einstein but has never heard of Rutherford.

As for the practical inception of the atomic project, Compton makes clear at the outset the singular role of Ernest O. Lawrence. "He had an extraordinary gift of thinking up new ideas that seemed impossible of achievement and making them work. . . . It is his laboratory at Berkeley more than any other that has set the pattern for organized teamwork in present-day research." Lawrence suggested the plutonium bomb, and plutonium was discovered in his laboratory. Lawrence master-minded the electro-magnetic separation of U-235, which produced the material for the Hiroshima bomb.

It was Lawrence who in September 1941 called Compton from Berkeley to say that "new developments made him believe it would be possible to make an atomic bomb." Compton at once arranged a meeting in Chicago with Harvard's Conant. Lawrence—whom Oppenheimer was later to call one of "two experienced promoters" (the other was Teller, and they were promoting the H-bomb, almost exactly eight years after the events which Compton describes)—Lawrence made his pitch, "Conant was reluctant," Compton "rallied to Lawrence's support," and "Conant began to be convinced."

Since Conant and Compton were at the time in administrative positions where, with Vannevar Bush, they could produce top-level Government decisions on scientific programs, and since Conant had been on the verge of recommending that the atomic program be dropped, Lawrence, in selling Compton and Conant, sold the U.S. on producing the atom bomb. Of course, a lot of other important people were involved; and I know the significance hitherto attached to Leo Szilard and associates. The famous letter to Roosevelt that Einstein signed about three weeks before the Hitler-Stalin pact, resulted in the setting up of a committee. But, says Compton, "in retrospect it is evident that the effect of the appointment of the Government's Advisory Committee on Uranium was to retard rather than to advance the development of American uranium research."

What the justly famous foreign-born group did not seem to realize was "that no decisive action would be taken by the government until experiments had shown that the nation's safety demanded strong support for the atomic program. *Such preliminary work would progress much faster with private backing.*" The italics are mine, but the words are Dr. Compton's.

There is no way for anyone seriously interested in world affairs to avoid reading this book. Perhaps the most unusual thing about it is the author's understanding of the American character—apparently a difficult subject for modern writers. Compton himself represents it, and he can also analyze it. In the summer of 1939 he explained it to Werner Heisenberg (who, however, seems to have remained indeterminate). The American people, said Compton, " 'don't want war, but they don't want to stand by either when they think injustice is being done. As you know, the whole background of our history shows that there is fighting blood in our veins.' 'Are you sure of this?' he asked. 'There is no doubt whatever,' I replied."

He was right. And about much else. Of special importance is the chapter on the decision to use the bomb. Compton himself had a lot to do with that decision. He is really pretty decisive. You should read how he parlayed a luncheon conversation at the Cosmos Club into the basic authority for the whole plutonium project. It is quite improbable that anyone else had so high a combined score as Arthur Compton for making and using the atomic bombs which ended World War Two.

MEDFORD EVANS

The Beast Broke Loose

Symbols of Transformation, by C. G. Jung, translated by R. F. C. Hull. 567 pp. (Bollingen Series XX, Vol. V). New York: Pantheon Books. $5.00

One hesitates to call Dr. Jung a psychologist. He is a scholar, has a philosophic mind, and has demonstrated his ability to appraise men in the world of reality. (One remembers, for example, his comment after his interview with Franklin Roosevelt, long before the war: "A man of superior and impenetrable mind, but perfectly ruthless. . . . He has the most amazing power complex . . . the stuff of a dictator absolutely.") Like Benedetto Croce, Jung is a man with whom we may disagree but whom we must respect.

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The present volume is a revision of the work in which he repudiated Freud and formulated his well-known system of analysis which is based essentially on the postulate that the unconscious part of the psyche uses the symbols of religious mythology.

Even those who are most skeptical about Jung's theory of the nature and value of "the religious myth" will be impressed by one significant fact. In the first edition of this book (1912) the author found it necessary to warn his readers that civilized men were so protected from violence that they would find it difficult to believe in the potential brutality of the human psyche. This revision is addressed to a disillusioned and wiser audience. "We have had bitter experience of what happens when a whole nation finds the moral mask too stupid to keep up. The beast breaks loose, and a frenzy of demoralization sweeps over the civilized world."

Dr. Jung is probably entitled to speak for Europeans when he writes: "We now know what human beings are capable of, and what lies in store for us if ever again the mass psyche gets the upper hand." But, so far as I can discover, most Americans are still living with the illusions of 1912. By a kind of national schizophrenia they escape from reality into the dreams of their lost childhood.

REVILO OLIVER

Prosaic Victory

Death of a Navy: Japanese Naval Action in World War II, by Andrieu d'Albas. Translated from the French by Anthony Rippon. Introduction, notes and maps by Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald, U.S.N. Ret. 362 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $5.50

After World War Two a lieutenant was regaling some friends with stories of inepitude in the Army command, stories illustrative of what the G.I. insouciantly described as *snafu*. One of his listeners asked: "If that is characteristic of the high command, how is it that we won the war?" "The other side," replied the lieutenant, "was more *snafu* than we were."

This widely held opinion is refuted in *Death of a Navy*. It appears from this carefully compiled record that our victorious Navy in the Pacific area was far superior in *snafu* to the enemy, that our mistakes were more numerous and more costly. The defeat of the Japanese Navy was due to a disparity between the two sides in the prosaic business of industrial production. Our factories and our oil wells were far superior in quantity and quality to those of Japan. Even the victories of the Japanese Navy involved costs that counted against it in the end.

In short, as Capt. d'Albas points out, the war in the Pacific was a war of attrition; and we won because we had more things, to say nothing of more men. Not that the Japanese Navy was entirely free from stupidities; but it could ill afford any. It was like a boxer who knows that, if he cannot win in the first few rounds, he is doomed.

The book is written with the meticulous attention to detail characteristic of a ship's log. The author, a captain in the French naval reserve who spent many months of duty in post-war Japan, is married to a Japanese woman and is acquainted with many of Japan's former top naval officers. He sticks to facts, indulging only rarely in value judgments (which the facts support). His account of how a brave and resourceful navy met its doom, with the inexorability of a Greek tragedy, holds the reader's attention throughout the mass of detail. And all the time, an American cannot help thinking that perhaps the next war, too, will be won or lost, not in the fighting areas, but in Detroit and Pittsburgh and around the oil wells of Texas.

FRANK CHODOROV

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Farewell to Farming

The Farmer and his Customers, by Ladd Haystead. 99 pp. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $2.75

This little book, exceptionally easy reading for an economic treatise, sets out to explain farmers and the farm problem to city people. And it makes the assumption that farmers are becoming increasingly unpopular with city folk because of the rising cost of food.

Mr. Haystead skillfully demonstrates that, far from profiteering, the farmer is fighting a losing battle just to stay in business. The high cost of food at the supermarket is largely due to increased costs of transportation, processing, packaging and sales. As in the case of natural gas at the well head, the net to the actual producer of food and fibres is a small fraction of the market price. Therefore, Mr. Haystead maintains, price supports under certain farm commodities have very little effect on prices to the consumer.

Yet he recognizes that, while price props may serve as a temporary palliative, there can be no long-run legislative solution to the farm problem. Only the law of supply and demand can solve it; and that only when our population increases fast enough to balance the two. Just when this will be (in view of the increases in production that will inevitably result from larger farm units, more mechanization, better fertilizers and new insecticides) is a question that the author admits he is unable to answer.

Mr. Haystead emphasizes that the principal cause of kiting farm costs is the upward spiral of non-farm wages forced by labor unions and he points out that farmers cannot strike in retaliation: crops keep growing, hens keep laying and cows must be milked. He concludes that the day of the small farmer is ending.

The book's closing paragraph: "And say 'Good-bye' to a free man, independent on his own acres, beholden to no one but his God, assured of a living if he only worked hard enough. It was a wonderful dream. It *did* happen. It *is* passing. Now it belongs to history and the poets."

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

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To the Editor

Whittaker Chambers Comments on the Burnham Proposals

(The following paragraphs are abstracted from a personal letter written by Whittaker Chambers relating to the debate NATIONAL REVIEW *has been sponsoring on the Burnham proposals. Mr. Chambers has given us permission to quote from the letter.)*

In the main, I find myself in agreement with Mr. Schlamm on the debate. But the striking point, both of his piece and Mr. Burnham's, is that neither has an answer good enough. Burnham's answer seems to me questionable and too schematic. Schlamm would replace Burnham's planned effort (which is certainly self-justified as something tangible by contrast with all the mere talk) with an accent on our immortal will to win. Moreover, this will does not exist. Perhaps I should forego any opinion, since I have not, so far, been able to formulate my own with force and cogency. Yet, I cannot refrain from saying that both Burnham and Schlamm, it seems to me, miss the meaning of the crisis because they tend to see it on its own terms, and not as a late stage in a total crisis that has spanned our lifetime. That slight shift in vantage point shifts many interrelationships.

We are, I am trying to say, at the point for which Marx forecast two alternatives: 1) "The revolutionary reconstitution of society as a whole"; or 2) "The common ruin of the contending" forces. This revolutionary reconstitution is not done, in our part of the world, with gunfire: it is in full legislative play all around us. It is to this set of "objective factors" that the Twentieth Congress addressed itself. The current crisis, while changing many relationships, has not changed the basic forces at work. They work on, independent of one man's purposes or preferences—Molotov's or the President's—and, objectively viewed, the President gives promise of being a promoter of revolutionary change, which he appears not to grasp too clearly, but which, in my opinion, he understands much more clearly than most people suppose. Only, he calls it a spade, instead of a damned old shovel, and then it ceases, for millions to whom words and names are more important than realities, to be revolution, and becomes change. Who is against change? The road to Paris, we used to hear, runs through Peking. In fact, the road to Washington (a trunk line of history) runs through Soho (Marx's old digs).

Of course, we don't admit this. The President believes, quite as fervently as John Chamberlain, that Marx was a nasty old blunder bat. Mischievous? Yes. Mistaken about much? Yes. Stupid? No. In fact, piercing insights. He even foresaw (quite a feat in 1848) that the U.S. might achieve the revolution without violence—as the Twentieth Congress reminded us, resurrecting this long unwelcome *aperçu,* and thereby giving us the clue to much thinking that underlies the thesis.

Frank Meyer understands these things well. But then he was never a Communist of the Right, that bog where armies whole have sunk. Schlamm is right about the decisive role of the anti-Communist will. But I think he does not grasp who the anti-Communists are—he and I: we are history's rejects. Objectively, he and I and our like are reactionaries. We are in opposition (though no longer in revolt) against both worlds. For both are materialist. The real anti-Communists are in the satellites. They are materialists, too. But it may be that circumstances will evolve in them a new blend that goes beyond the materialist limit. It is in this sense, and scarcely in any other, that I tend to agree with Burnham that the historical crux lies in Poland, etc. Here, and, in time, for the East, something restorative may develop. Look as I will, I can find no signs of anything like that in the West, and it is this spiritual (and intellectual) deadness that invests the current crisis with that numbing sense of: so what? The Hungarians, looking westward with hope, made a tragic historical misjudgment. Does anyone suppose it possible that this lesson will be lost on all the other satellite peoples—or, indeed, on all Europe? Comrade, look not on the West/'Twill have the heart out of your breast. At the moment, the Poles are making history. The West is making politics. The difference is between a creative act and pettifoggery.

Unhappily, the Polish historical record is erratic; a small nation, too, living on an indefensible plain. Czeslow Milosz's book now makes better reading than ever. And the news photographs from Poland (in a recent Sunday *Times* magazine) tell much. "What do they remind you of?" I asked my wife. "Yes" was all she answered. Both of us were thinking of the days when the West European delegates were welcomed to the revolutionary capital with the slogan: "Enter here. Here dwell the gods." Hopelessly bombastic. Yet this bombast included a truth truer than much more calmly-pitched notices.

What is opening in the Polish plain is a new phase of history, a new thrust of the spirit. Neither Willi Schlamm nor I would enjoy it (we have been through all that). Yet we must see it for what it is. Here the prudent, practical thinking of the CFC is not good enough, misses the point entirely, by trying to convert it to merely useful ends. I think Burnham misses Emerson's meaning:

> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below,
> The canticles of love and woe.

Schlamm, the revolutionist, is closer to what can be felt but eludes thumbtacks and taxidermy. Zharphitsa, the Fire Bird, is glimpsed living, or not at all. In other words, realists have a way of missing truth, which is not invariably realistic.

Westminster, Md. WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The British Mood

. . . As a countryman of Mr. Anthony Lejeune may I comment on one of his points in "Mr. Macmillan's Flying Start" [February 23]?

Mr. Lejeune suggests that the cost of living is the main reason for the Conversatives' loss of support at recent by-elections. I cannot help feeling that this is rather too well-worn and facile an explanation. The prevailing mood in this country

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seems to me quite different; for once people are not purely concerned whether milk is going up tuppence. What is really behind the falling-off in the Conservative vote is that people are sick to death of the Government, as government *per se*, without any political *arrière pensée*.

The bulk of the stay-at-homes in the recent elections are Englishmen who voted Tory in 1951 and 1955 because they reckoned that no future British Government could possibly be more incompetent, be composed of more boobs, than the Socialists. The Eden Government's handling of Suez has sadly disabused them—right as the action itself may have seemed. Nor are they taken in by the present Government, when (seeming to throw a glance across the Atlantic) it smugly hints: "at least we have got rid of our dead wood." But has it?

The fact is that many Englishmen now feel that they are ruled by boobs of every bit as high calibre as those of Attlee's team. . . . They will not vote for one set of boobs in preference to another, just because they happen to wear different ties. Hence the slide in the Conservative vote.

London, England ALISTAIR HORNE

Timely

The Medford Evans "Open Letter to Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer" [March 9] is splendid, and especially timely in that the Harvard authorities have at last disclosed the dates of the William James lectures—starting April 8th.

Boston, Mass. EDWIN GINN

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Capitalism Emancipates

Why, oh why did the usually brilliant Richard Weaver make a few Hutchinsian slips such as "the English [factory owners] stunted several generations of workers," "the machine's inhumanity to man," and "the lust for abstract power through money" in the March 16 Book Review section?

Capital—factories and machinery—doesn't stunt and enslave; it frees man from human treadmills and backbreaking lifting to merely touching buttons or piloting bulldozers and diesel trucks. Nor is the profit incentive to be blackened as "lust." The profit incentive harnesses man's innate self-interest and puts it to the public welfare. . . . Capital truly killed slavery, not any Emancipation Proclamation.

Summit, N.J. WILLIAM H. PETERSON

Not For *but* To

I am pleasantly surprised to note that the inhibitive effects of the election returns on the Congress and on some part of the press at least is wearing off much faster than I expected . . . but I have yet to read of a good stiff denunciation on Capitol Hill of the Eisenhower school aid project; and that is something about which I want very badly to hear a good bull-throated senatorial bellow. I was very pleased to note the other day that President Perry Shoemaker of the New York Chamber of Commerce was denouncing it in a letter to the Chamber's 2,000 members, in which he described it as "one of the most dangerous federal projects in our lifetime."

It is all of that. I could readily fill a page of NATIONAL REVIEW with my reasons for supporting this allegation. But it would all be an elaboration on one short sentence which Mrs. Isabel Paterson wrote many years ago in the *Herald Tribune's* "Books" supplement. It was this:

"The power to do things for you is the power to do things to you."

He who does not know what a Washington bureau, jammed with crypto-socialist Liberal eggheads, would do *to* American public education, if given the power (in the form of unlimited funds) to do things *for* it, is about as much alive mentally as a Chinese mud Buddha in an abandoned wayside temple.

Bernardsville, N. J. HEPTISAX

ARTS AND MANNERS

(*Continued from p.* 309)

did on April 15, 1953, argue against it in a short editorial.

This, I should think, would have satisfied anyone in Mr. Wechsler's precarious position. But no, as a polemicist he never knows when to stop. "You," he wrote me in a self-stinging reply, "propose to shift the ground to the premise that the publication of any news stories dealing with the boycott implied our sympathy for the movement." Mr. Wechsler, in other words (and one always has to use other words if one wants to clarify what he really says), now contends that an editor is not responsible for the slant, the intensity, the direction of his paper's news coverage.

This is what I mean by a degenerate vaudeville act. Before he took the job in Mrs. Schiff's emporium, Mr. Wechsler entertained local audiences with the old routine of proving how the reactionary press poisons the wells with slanted *news* coverage—and never mind their hypocritical editorials! This is still a pretty good act, and Mr. Wechsler takes his professional life in his hands when he now denigrates what kept him in groceries throughout his promising youth.

Mr. Wechsler thinks it slick to publish even more suggestive girlie pictures than the other New York papers, but to add to the usual measurements in the caption the meager weekly take-home pay of the young ladies. This, he appears to think, gives pornography a modicum of social significance. On the other hand, he thinks he can get away with disclaiming personal responsibility for his paper's studious distortion of the news. Now, inside his own newspaper Mr. Wechsler can of course think as he pleases, because nobody is fool enough to insist that the *Post* stick to logic. But when Mr. Wechsler writes letters to me, he enters the arena of rational controversy. I wish that, next time, he'd keep that in mind.

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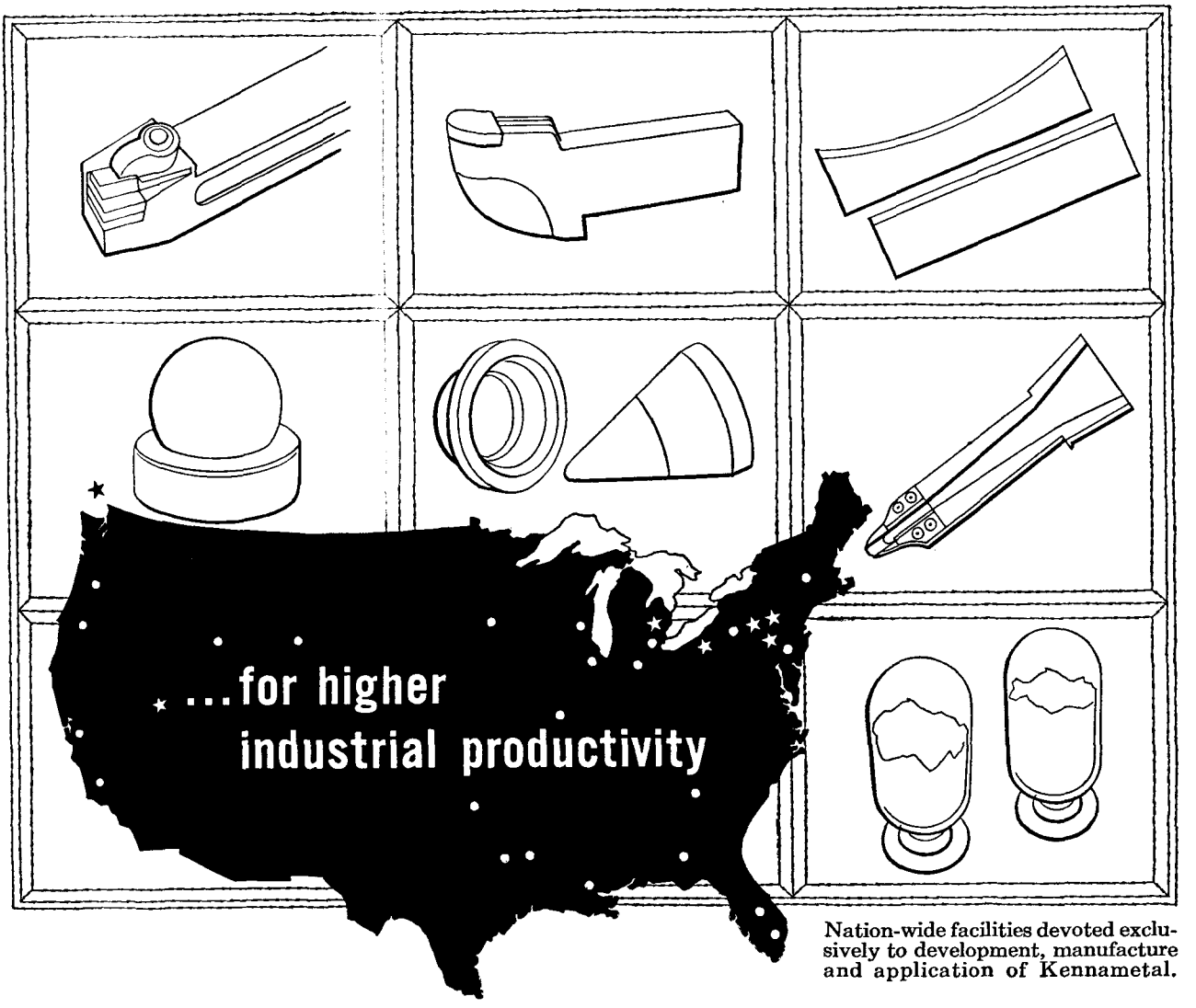

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